

# The TATLER

Vol. CLXVIII. No. 2188

and **BYSTANDER**

London  
June 2, 1943



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Drawing by J. Gilroy

*My Goodness — where's*  
*My GUINNESS?*



# THE TATLER

and BYSTANDER

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JUNE 2, 1943



John Vickers

## Dramatic Moment in "The Moon Is Down"

**Carla Lehmann** as Molly Morden, in *The Moon Is Down*, John Steinbeck's notable play about the Nazi occupation of a northern country, which Georgie Wood and Basil C. Langton are presenting at the Whitehall Theatre on Tuesday, June 8, with Lewis Casson as the mayor of the little town overrun by the aggressor, and Karel Stepanek as Colonel Lanser. Molly's husband is executed for killing an enemy officer, and Molly, embittered and revengeful, stabs with a pair of long scissors the young officer (Alan Haines) who tries to make love to her. John Steinbeck is the author of those other fine plays *Of Mice and Men* and *The Grapes of Wrath*.



# MYSELF AT THE PICTURES

Fun and Games

By James Agate

THERE was a sound of ribaldry by day. The laughter was heard in the cosy little Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer private theatre. It was even rumoured that the storm of merriment swept from its august moorings the eyeglass of my old friend Mervyn McPherson. Were I in gayer mood I should call this article "Mervyn's Monocle." But I am sad.

ONE of my favourite passages in Marlowe is the one in which Tamburlaine, parading his sons before him, addresses them as follows, viz., and to wit:

But now, my boys, leave off and list to me,  
That mean to teach you rudiments of war;  
I'll have you learn to sleep upon the ground,  
March in your armour through watery fens,  
Sustain the scorching heat and freezing cold,  
Hunger and thirst, right adjuncts of the war,  
And after this to scale a castle wall,  
Besiege a fort, to undermine a town,  
And make whole cities caper in the air.

To illustrate this seems to be the end of every film director's desire, even if it means wading through oceans of twaddle to arrive at it.

THE plot of *Assignment to Brittany* (Empire) is unbelievable nonsense. I use the words in their strictest connotation. The plot does not make sense, and I cannot believe in it. One Captain Metard, a loyal Frenchman, is ordered to discover the whereabouts of a Nazi submarine base on the coast of Brittany which the British Admiralty has not been able to locate. It happens that Metard has met one Bertrand Corlay, a wounded French soldier, who comes from a town in Brittany. It is arranged, therefore, that Metard shall assume Corlay's identity, go to his old home, and take in his mother, sweetheart and village cronies. This, my dear Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, is what I call bosh. Why, the man's hands, voice, walk, tricks of speech—everything would betray him. He wouldn't know his way about the

house, or whether the bathroom was upstairs or in the garden!

AND, of course, there is a lot of love-making. For it seems that whereas little Anne Pinot, his fiancée, didn't like Corlay, she is nuts on Corlay's impersonator. Contrariwise, the village enchantress Elise—the absence of a surname guarantees her impropriety—who used to be terribly keen on Corlay, can't abide Metard. In the end Metard discovers the submarine base, and after some elaborate séances of torture, walks out on his captors and wireleses Whitehall. (One of these days we shall see a film in which the unarmed hero does not elude, outwit and overthrow a Nazi armed guard fifty times his number, to say nothing of stone walls and steel doors.) Whitehall wires back: "O.K. Commandos will be with you 16.00 hrs. tomorrow." They are. City-capering starts 16.05 hrs. and at 16.35 hrs. Metard, Corlay and little Miss Pinot are seen on board a destroyer cheek by jowl with a Welsh—I beg Wales's pardon—with a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayerish chorus of sailors singing the Marseillaise to a background of capering town-halls and gasometers. Quel bunk!

I MADE an unhappy mistake at the trade show of *Desperadoes* (Gaumont, Haymarket, and Marble Arch Pavilion). Not being assisted at the moment by that invaluable *aide-mémoire* Synopsis, I watched the curtains part on what I thought was, and continued to believe to be, a superb burlesque of an old-fashioned "Western." The film was in Technicolor, and surely it was an intentional bit of fun on the part of the photographer which made all the people look like figures reflected in spoons or those unflattering mirrors one still sees, I believe, in fun fairs. This at once set me giggling: and when everyone began to get shot, battered, knocked down and nearly kicked to death on the slightest provocation, my risibility increased with every minute. The heroine,

whom I called "Tea-spoon," made such afflicted faces with her head all on one side that I acclaimed Hollywood as the master of parody. The sub-heroine, humorously dubbed "Countess," though I called her "Table-spoon," wearing clothes like Lady Bracknell's discarded Ascot finery, had only to appear and tears streamed from my eyes.

AND the men! One of the heroes, "Salad-spoon," I thought to be a breaker-in of horses; he turned out to be the Sheriff. Another, "Dessert-spoon," actually became breaker-in of horses, but was suspected of being a breaker-in of banks. Too funny! By this time I placed no bounds on my enjoyment, and shrieked and howled with laughter. There was a trial at which the judge, with an enormous white moustache, walked up and down haranguing the jury, abusing the solicitors and insulting the public; finally he erected with his own hands the shed in which the condemned prisoners were to be hanged and invited said prisoners—who were actually looking at it through their prison bars—to admire the skill with which he had arranged the drop. By this time tears were dripping on to my coat faster than the Arabian trees let fall their medicinal gum.

THEN I revelled in an astounding procession of lop-sided bankers, crooked crooks, wry-faced bravos and awry-fashioned bronchos. Glorious! And a scene of fighting in a saloon where everything and everybody were smashed, where the glasses hurtled and the bottles flew and the timber split and the rafters rifted. I nearly started clapping, it was so good. And the way the heroes got into gaol for crimes they didn't commit and got out of it again after crimes they did—all the splendid confounding of the innocence of the guilty with the guiltiness of the innocent—'twas, I assure you, side-splitting!

AND then the dreadful thing occurred. Suddenly I realized that the world was not laughing with me—I *was* laughing alone! *Desperadoes* wasn't a burlesque at all! It was supposed to be a real story, the fight in the saloon a serious life-and-death fight, the trial a perfectly legal one. Hastily I procured the Synopsis, and it was there that I read that "the characters and incidents portrayed and the names used therein are fictitious." Abashed, I withdrew.



Mix-up with Music

Rival sisters in "Hello Beautiful" (London Pavilion and Regal, Marble Arch): modest school-teacher (Anne Shirley), ambitious mannequin (Carole Landis), and fast-working cameraman (George Murphy). Trimmings include singer Dennis Day, Benny Goodman with orchestra, and the Powers Long-stemmed American Beauties



Wild Westerner in Technicolor

Lawless comrades and fighting sheriff in action at the saloon bar. Gunn Williams, Glenn Ford and Randolph Scott in "The Desperadoes" (Gaumont, Haymarket and Marble Arch Pavilion). Horse stealing, hold-ups, saloon wrecking, revolver shots and a glamorous "Countess" (Claire Trevor)



## Naval Occasions



### *An Admiral's Farewell Speech*

Admiral Sir John Tovey, K.C.B., D.S.O., is seen making his farewell speech to the Home Fleet on board H.M.S. King George when leaving to take up his new duties as C.-in-C. The Nile. He was previously C.-in-C. Home Fleet, and is succeeded by Admiral Sir Bruce Fraser



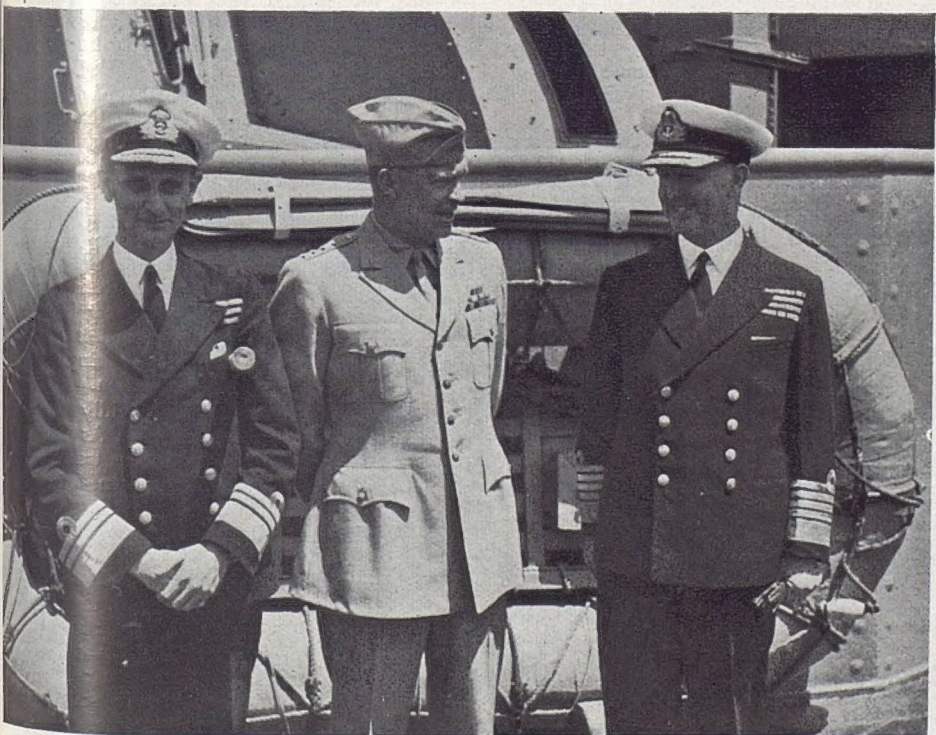
### *Commanding Dover*

Vice-Admiral Sir Henry Pridham-Wippell, K.C.B., C.V.O., now Vice-Admiral Commanding Dover, was in charge of the evacuation from Greece, for which he was made a K.C.B.



### *At an Investiture*

Engineer Commander Armstrong, R.N., took his son, who is a cadet, with him to the Palace to receive his D.S.O. The award was made for Malta convoy work



### *Eisenhower Visits the British Fleet*

General Eisenhower, Allied Commander-in-Chief, North Africa, visited units of the British Fleet in North African waters not long ago. He is seen with Admiral A. G. Willis, commanding "H" Force, and Admiral Sir Andrew Cunningham, Naval C.-in-C. in the Mediterranean, on board the flagship



### *Naval Family at the Palace*

Commander P. W. Pelly, R.N., was accompanied by his wife and two daughters to Buckingham Palace, when he went to receive his D.S.O. from the King



# The Theatre

By Horace Horsnell

## Show Boat (Stoll):

### The Vagabond King (Winter Garden)

MUSICAL comedy has its classics no less renowned than opera. Several of them have recently been revived; three are now playing to full houses, and more are promised. Such renaissance, though unusual, is not merely a sign of the times. In these difficult days, when so much theatre talent is otherwise engaged or unavailable, it is no doubt convenient for theatre managers to have on hand—like tinned delicacies in the larder—old favourites that have proved their worth and established their popularity. They ease the catering problem, and fortify the bill of fare.

Some of the prosier revivals may have owed their resurrection less to their inherent virtue or vitality than to wartime contingencies, and would probably not have been recalled from limbo if conditions were normal and audiences more fastidious. Such proved and popular shows as *The Merry Widow*, however, which is now filling His Majesty's, *Show Boat* at the Stoll, and *The Vagabond King* at the Winter Garden: these return to the stage in their own right, which is musical rather than dramatic. Music, when soft voices die, vibrates in the memory; and it is their melodies that have kept their memories green, and make their revival welcome.

The famous waltz and tuneful lyrics of *The Merry Widow*; the robust rhythms of *Show Boat*, and the challenging choruses of *The Vagabond King*, are prime preservatives of the plays they adorn. Franz Lehar, Jerome Kern, and Rudolf Friml are not only popular but clever composers, and their melodies still charm. Not that the libretti (as is sometimes the case with musical comedy) are things of naught, though they may not call for more critical consideration than do the plots of all but first-rate opera. There are conventions in this matter, which may seem to favour the composer and the comedians rather than the

librettist. Such mutual collaboration as that of Gilbert and Sullivan is rare.

The story of the chequered fortunes of *Show Boat*, and of her captain's fond but unfortunate daughter, as you probably remember, is a forty-year *cavalcade* epitomising the troubled course of true love. Its fifteen scenes—which range from the auditorium and stage aboard the paddle-boat *Cotton Blossom* to the Chicago



"The Vagabond King" at the Winter Garden

Lady Katherine de Vaucelles  
(Anne Ziegler) and Francois  
Villon (Webster Booth)



Lady Mary (Sara Gregory),  
Guy Taberie (Syd Walker)  
and Huguette (Tessa Deane)

World's Fair—begin and end on the Mississippi levee, and are starred by twenty musical numbers of varying resonance and poignancy. A coloured chorus of stevedores sings and shuffles on the levee; the captain's lovely daughter elopes with the handsome stranger

poet, pot-house demagogue, and fifteenth-century scallywag—who takes the fancy, dictates the policy, and finally evades the treachery of that foxy old king, Louis XI of France. The story has apochryphal affinities with that of Christopher Sly; the kidnapped spectator of *The Taming of the Shrew*; but Villon has a more active share in the doings than Sly; and as played and sung by Mr. Webster Booth, he is, both a spirited hero and an excellent tenor.

Here again, the real master of these fabulous ceremonies is the composer, whose choruses fill the old Parisian tavern with a lusty defiance of Burgundee that makes the cobwebs swing, and who gives the proud and lovely heroine, Katherine de Vaucelles, that heartfelt roseate lyric which Miss Anna Ziegler sings with Mozartian sweetness and distinction.

The tavern scenes are splendidly robust, the scenes at court are handsome. As Villon's familiar, who shares his hazardous translation from the gutter to the throne-room, Mr. Syd Walker is a mellow, husky, resourceful old rascal, and always quite at home. The foxy old king—do you remember him: the one with Irvingesque manners and little silver images of saints round the brim of his hat?—has Mr. Henry Baynton's histrionic authority which, in these circumstances, is probably more effective than the authority of history might be. The rough and the smooth of woman's lot in these parlous times are cleverly brought to the footlights by Miss Tessa Deane and Miss Sara Gregory respectively. The production is by Mr. Robert Nesbitt, and therefore first-rate.

Sketches by  
Tom Titt



"Show Boat" at the Stoll

Chief roles are played by Bruce Carfax, Pat Taylor, Mr. Jetsam, Lucille Benstead, Sylvia and Leslie Kellaway, Mark Daly and Gwyneth Lascelles



# "The Old Foolishness"

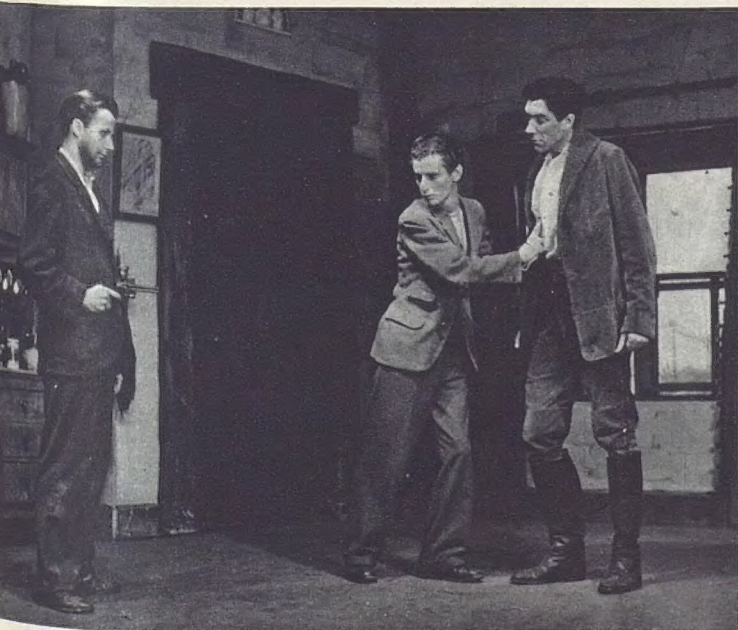
The First Play by the Irish Dramatist, Paul Vincent Carroll—now followed by "Shadow and Substance"—to be seen in London

Photographs by Tunbridge-Sedgwick



## The Good Girl

Rosemaryanne (Helen Lacy) makes the best butter for miles around. She is to marry Peter, the steady farmer. She tells her father (Edward Byrne) that she's not coming to Peter's home "with a pig in a poke"



## "I want one night's rest—and my wife"

The fugitive brother Francis (John Varley), in hiding from the police, returns home to fetch Maeve, his mistress. Peter, deeply in love with her, wants to kill him. Brother Tim (John Murphy), also in love with her, holds him back



## The Bad Girl Seeks Sanctuary

Maeve McHugh (Barbara Waring) has lived with Peter's scapegoat, gunman brother Francis

● The Old Foolishness (Arts Theatre, May 7) introduced Paul Vincent Carroll to London. *Shadow and Substance* (Duke of York's, May 25) and *The White Steed* (banned in Ireland, where five of his six plays have been first produced) both received the New York Dramatic Critics' Foreign Award. Carroll, forty-three, born in Co. Louth, educated in Dublin, ex-schoolmaster in Glasgow, where he still lives, father of three daughters, is now writing for the films.



## Love in Bloom

Maeve says good-bye to the old castle where she and Peter (Michael Golden) find romance. His disgust has turned to love

The Old Foolishness is the story of three Irish brothers in love with the same girl—Peter, the dour, hard-working farmer; the fugitive gunman Francis; and the delicate, intelligent Tim. Their mother is an old woman who brings the wisdom of years to the understanding of her men. Maeve, Francis's mistress, takes refuge in her home. Peter, disapproving, wants to turn her out, but she is allowed to stay. He falls in love with her. She would return his love, for his dependability offers peace and security, but cannot bring herself to do it. Peter is ready to outface the village scandal. Tim loves her too, and understands her best. But Francis comes back to claim and marry her. The ceremony is carried out by the fiery little parish priest



## "I now pronounce you man and wife. Get up"

Canon McCann (Ian Sadler) holds a short and strange marriage ceremony for Francis Sheeran and Maeve, with Dan (Billy Shine) and Mrs. Sheeran (Christine Silver) as witnesses



# On and Off Duty

## A Wartime Chronicle of Town and Country



Mrs. O. C. Wingate

Lenarc

The wife of Brig. Orde Charles Wingate, who led a three-month wrecking expedition against the enemy in Burma, is a daughter of Mr. W. E. Moncreiff Paterson, of Monymusk, Aberdeenshire



Country Wedding

Swaebe

Capt. James Stuart, of Prince Edward Island, Canada, and Miss Yvonne Fraser, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Fraser, of Millfield, East Grinstead, were married at East Grinstead on May 22nd

### Many Happy Returns

HER MAJESTY QUEEN MARY celebrated her seventy-sixth birthday last Wednesday (May 26th), and though, because she remains in the comparative seclusion of the West Country village where she has been living since the start of the war, there was little to mark the anniversary for the general public, Her Majesty holds as warm a place as ever she did in the public affection and regard.

Hundreds of her friends all over the world sent messages and greetings on her birthday, and others came from the King and Queen and members of the Royal Family, so that the village post office had a record day of activity. Marlborough House, Queen Mary's home in London, is being kept by a skeleton staff in her absence, and the extensive bomb damage to its windows, etc., has been left unrepaired. When Queen Mary was asked if she would like priority for the Marlborough House repairs, she waived the suggestion aside, pointing out that as the house was not in occupation, there were many thousands of smaller homes with much better and more urgent claims for immediate attention.

The Visitors' Book, which is kept at the entrance lodge in Marlborough Gate, is taken down regularly to the country for Queen Mary to see, and she derives a great deal of pleasure from reading in it the names of many of her old friends, whom she has not seen in person for two or three years. Most members of the Diplomatic Corps; and many well-known people, called to sign the book on her birthday, and a number of them brought flowers and other gifts to be sent on to Her Majesty.

### Royal Visit to Sandhurst

CADETS who do the short wartime course at the Royal Military College, Sandhurst, cram much more excitement, and very much more strenuous training, into their time than ever did their predecessors of the more leisurely courses of peace-time, as any young officer of the Royal Armoured Corps will tell you. But the old College servants, who have watched officers passing out of Sandhurst for more than twenty years, say that the cadets of to-day enjoy their training in just the same wholehearted

way, and are as keen as any who have ever been on Sandhurst tradition and discipline. Men from all ranks of life come to the College from the "pre-OCTU" units of the Army, and one of the most popular cadets in the course that has just finished was young Lord Burghersh, son and heir of the Earl of Westmorland, who, after joining up in the ranks, passed out as a "best cadet."

He was one of the fortunate four who received their "belts of honour"—the Sam Brownes which austere take the place to-day of the old and much prized Sword of Honour—from the King when His Majesty visited the College with the Queen to see the passing-out ceremony, and the King had a special word for the tall, good-looking young man whose father he knew in his days as a naval officer.

For her Sandhurst visit, the Queen wore a summery frock of flowered chiffon with a background of deep mauve.

### Queen Charlotte's Ball

WHAT one might call the grown-ups' (as distinguished from the young people's) ball in aid of Queen Charlotte's Maternity Hospital, following rather quickly on the Debutantes' Ball, was quite a success, though, as before, it was a meatless, if not a drinkless, affair. Most people, however, came armed with sandwiches and so on, and the waiters supplied plates as well as drinks. One of the biggest parties was that got up by Lady Hamond-Graeme, but, unfortunately, owing to a temporary indisposition, from eating some gulls' eggs which were not quite what they should be, she was unable to be present. However, Lady Willingdon and Lady Headfort acted as hostesses instead, and Sir Egerton Hamond-Graeme was there to support them. Lady Headfort had her débutante daughter, Miss Elizabeth Clarke, there, who has been accepted by the W.R.N.S., as, after all, she found that work on the land was too strenuous for her. The Swiss Minister and his tall and distinguished-looking wife were evidently enjoying the gaiety of the scene. All the women were in full evening dress, and the men proved that tail-coats and white ties are not quite extinct. Men present included Lord Derwent, now in the Air Force



Distinguished Audience at a London Film Premiere

The Countess of Oxford and Asquith, a confirmed first-nighter, was at the Leicester Square Theatre for the premiere of "We Dive at Dawn." With her in this picture is Lt. Laird



Admiral Sir Martin Dunbar-Nasmith, V.C., R.N., was there with his wife. The Admiral, who won the V.C. in the last war for destroying eleven Turkish vessels in the Sea of Marmora, was C.-in-C., Plymouth, until 1941



Dennis Moss

David Curling's Christening

The son of Lt. B. W. R. Curling, R.N.V.R., was christened at Crudwell, Wilts. Above are Lt. Curling, Lady Bonham, Major Rupert Speir, Miss Barbara Halsey and Mrs. Curling with her daughter, Belinda Jane, and the baby



after his diplomatic work in Berne. Among the pretty girls were Miss Lavinia Emmett, Miss Rachel Bury, the Hon. Enid and the Hon. Audrey Paget, and Miss June Smith-Ryland.

### Salisbury Races

THIS delightful meeting continues to produce excellent sport, and large crowds of war-workers and Service men find it well worth while to overcome the difficulties of transport to enjoy a day's racing in the lovely surroundings.

The recent meeting provided a hat-trick for Fred Darling. Mrs. Macdonald-Buchanan's charming filly, Tudor Maid, own sister to her Derby and Gold Cup winner, Owen Tudor, took the first event comfortably from the much fancied Grecian Glory, owned by Mr. Joel, who suffered another defeat by Beckhampton connections when Lord Carnarvon's Gustav easily beat Dark Diana, who, on her previous form and prowess at home, was considered a certainty. Fred Darling's third winner was Tropical Sun, also owned by Mrs. Macdonald-Buchanan, and superbly bred, being by Hyperion out of the Oaks winner Brulette.

Lord Carnarvon, Sir Anthony Weldon—who was in Air Force uniform and had come with Fred Darling—Lord Sefton and Major the Hon. Lionel Montagu were having an unofficial committee meeting in the paddock before the first race, no doubt with very satisfactory results. A big disappointment during the day was the moderate performance of Victory Torch, who could only finish second to Viva, and much sympathy was felt for the Duchess of Norfolk, who came with her recently married sister-in-law, the former Lady Winifrede Fitzalan Howard, to see him run. The Duchess has had great hopes that he might yet live up to his looks and breeding and reproduce his home form, and has taken immense trouble over his preparation, but his running in the Dorset Stakes did not give the impression that he was over-much in love with racing.

Lord and Lady George Scott came over from Marlborough, where they were staying, and succeeded in backing two winners. Lady George, whose portrait sketches used to adorn *The Bystander* when she was Miss Mollie Bishop, lives most of the time in Scotland now, and has to do all the cooking for her two babies and the rest of the household.

### On the Course

TWO very popular Irish visitors were Major and Mrs. John Alexander, who had been torn between coming to Salisbury and listening-in to the result of the Irish 2,000 Guineas, in which they had a runner, Lordi. Major Alexander is Master of the Limerick Hounds,

but since his return to active service at the beginning of the war, Mrs. Alexander has been deputising for him, hunting the hounds and showing excellent sport. Another charming Irishman present was Capt. Geoffrey Brooke, who is a brother of Mrs. "Attie" Persse, and who brought his wife, a sister of Mrs. Luke Lillingston.

The Navy and Fleet Air Arm side of the racing fraternity was represented by Lt.-Cdr. John Bisgood, who formerly trained at Aston Tirrold, and was serving on the Royal Oak when she actually was sunk (as opposed to all the times the Germans thought she was), and "Rip" Bissell, who trained and rode under National Hunt Rules.

Others seen were Lord Ilchester, who is a Steward of the meeting, Lord and Lady Stavordale, Lady Essex, Lord Andrew Cavendish, Capt. and Mrs. Ralph Cobbold, and Capt. and Mrs. Peter Kemp-Welch.

### Shopping in London

LADY ELIZABETH VON HOFMANNSTHAL, formerly Lady Elizabeth Paget, who has just returned from America with her small daughter, was out shopping the other morning. Having been out of this country for some time, she was intrigued with the different "point" values in the grocery department.

Another shopper that morning was Lady Stanley of Alderley, one of the Earl of Shrewsbury's sisters. She has been working at journalism for some time. Looking very chic, she was wearing a checked coat and skirt, with the skirt cut entirely on the cross, which is one of the new features of this year's suits; it meets the austerity rules so much better than the skimpy pleats allowed.

Shoppers in Knightsbridge gathered, both inside and outside Harrods, to catch a glimpse of the Queen when she visited the Nursery Schools Exhibition which has been held there. Her Majesty was accompanied by Lady Hyde and was received by Sir Woodman Burbidge and his son, Mr. Richard Burbidge, whose sporting interests lie chiefly in racing and coursing.

Another celebrity, much in the news, seen in London was W/Cdr. Guy Gibson, D.S.O. and bar, D.F.C. and bar, who led the assault on the Mohne and Eder dams with such stupendous results. He was dining quietly with Lady Castlereagh, Mrs. Andrew Knowles—who is over on a visit from Ireland—and Mr. Frankie More O'Ferrall.

### Night and Day

OPPOSING bands at the Bagatelle mean that no more than half the diners are on the floor at the same time; straight fox-trotters responding to the Maurice Kasket team, Rumba

(Concluded on page 280)



### Dining Out

Swaebe

Petty Officer A. P. Herbert, M.P., the well-known writer, was dining one night at the May Fair with his wife. He has been Independent Member of Parliament for Oxford University since 1935



### At the May Fair

Swaebe

A cheerful couple dining out in London together were Ord. Seaman David Chance, on a spot of leave, and Miss June Smith-Ryland. The photographer amused them



### Family Parties at Two Recent Christenings in the Country

Henrietta Cecilia Twisleton-Wykeham-Fiennes was christened at York Minster. In the picture are Lt.-Gen. Sir Ralph Eastwood (grandfather), Mr. and Mrs. Twisleton-Wykeham-Fiennes and the baby, Lady Eastwood, the Dean of York and Capt. the Hon. Christopher Beckett; and in front, Polly and Elizabeth Twisleton-Wykeham-Fiennes



The christening of the Hon. Cecilia Hawke, Lord and Lady Hawke's third daughter, took place at Rusper Parish Church. Above are Mrs. John Lloyd, Frances Lady Hawke, the Hon. Mrs. J. Masfield, Lady Hawke and the baby, Lord Hawke, Miss Ann Faure Walker and Annabel and Caroline Hawke





*Major Archie Campbell, Lady Mary Lyon  
and Lt. Kenneth D. Clapp*



*Miss Anne Heyworth, W/Cdr. E. Holden, Lt. R. Whiskard,  
Miss Ursula Byrom, Lt. R. Motion and Miss Gillian Wharton*

## The Queen Charlotte's Hospital May Ball



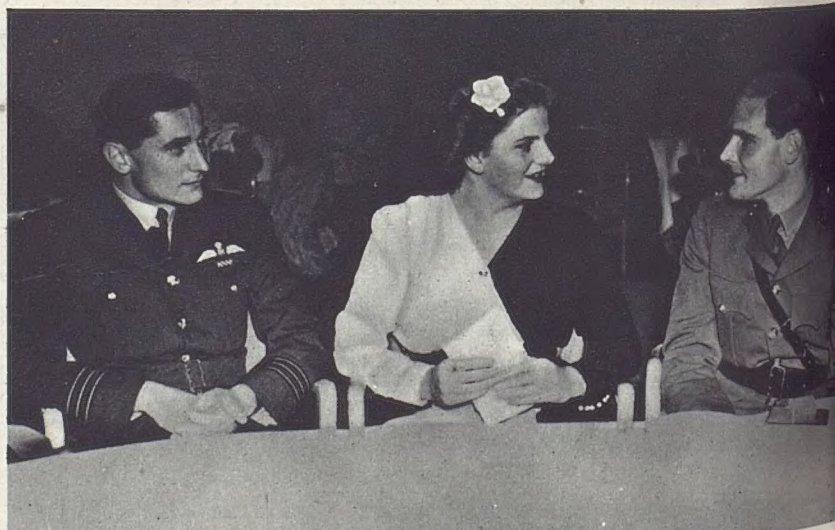
*Sub-Lt. J. M. Synge and Miss Sarah Dashwood*



*S/Ldr. Jack Charles, F/Lt. the Hon. John and  
Mrs. Mansfield and Miss Nighean Fraser*



*Lt. G. H. Kinnicutt and Viscountess  
Bridport*



*W/Cdr. G. Burgess, the Hon. Synolda Butler  
and Lt. T. V. Miller*





*Lady Penelope Herbert, Lord Rupert Nevill,  
Mrs. Grenfell and Lord Porchester.*

The Second Ball This Year in Aid  
of Queen Charlotte's Hospital was  
Held Last Month at Grosvenor House



*Lt. David Marsh and the  
Hon. Patricia Stourton*



*Lady Moubray and Baroness  
Beaumont*



*The Marchioness of Headfort and  
Sir Egerton Hamond-Graeme*



*The Hon. Miriam Fitzalan-Howard  
and the Hon. Charles Stourton*



*Miss Caroline Hay and Capt. the  
Master of Polwarth*



*Miss Elizabeth Clarke and  
Lt. Desmond Lambert*



# Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

WHEN the Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Town and Country Planning ("George" for short, maybe) asks rhetorically whether the Interim Development Bill will prevent "a repetition of Peacehaven," he touches what to Sussex-lovers is an open wound.

From Brighton to Rottingdean, as Kipling said in his last book, is now one long suburb of great horror. Peacehaven, a little further along the coast, we'd rather not talk about. (We know a chap who did, tentatively, in the 1920's, when it was booming, and he was threatened with torture by the Law.) This stretch of Downland coastline, a thyme-scented, windswept, bird-haunted paradise before the builders came, was a favourite after-dinner topic with E. V. Lucas, and the old ladies who loved the mellow charm of his writing would have reeled back, on hearing him, as if a dean had suddenly bitten them. By God's mercy the villages of Telscombe and Rodmell, nestling inland just behind it, have so far defied the will of Caliban; Telscombe because the late local squire was a sporting dictator who stood no nonsense, and Rodmell because a desperate body of chaps who once lived in it trailed anything looking like an ape or a speculative builder and shot it dead. It was touch and go, like Old Kentucky, for strangers in those days. When Sir John

(Jack) Squire brought his celebrated cricket-team, the Invalids, down once a year we often killed a novelist or two by mistake. You may have seen it in the papers, a one-line item, often amusing, under "News in Brief."

## Feat

IT was at Rodmell incidentally that we, *nous qui vous chantent*, made cricket history by missing a tremendously high ball from Sir John in the long field by only half an hour, having left unostentatiously to catch a train to town. Wisden refused to record this feat because of a rumour that French actresses were hanging round the wicket.

## Flood

THAT dam-busting feat in the Ruhr must have reminded all Buchan fans that dashing Dick Hannay of *Greenmantle*, when he was posing as a German-American engineer in Constantinople, suggested to his hosts that the British forces on the low ground of the Western Front could be washed away out of it by water-power directed from the high German positions.



MAURICE MCLAUGHLIN

"Ought I to register with the 29's or wait for the Fish Zoning scheme?"

Whether this was ever practicable or merely engineer's whimsey we don't know, but even on a small scale flood-water can sorely vex the military, as anybody knows who ever pitched bivouacs in a dry Balkan ravine the night before a Balkan storm. A chap once described to us graphically a midnight surprise in thick blackness and furious rain, the roaring icy wave sweeping everything before it, the half-asleep reserve troops dancing and swearing and splashing in knee-deep mud and hopeless confusion, and the Germans, snug on the mountains overlooking everything (as usual), sending over a nice hot barrage to help things along. This ultimately taught people not to camp in ravines and also to regard teetotallers with increased abhorrence. They seemed as sinister as chaps who live on gelignite and T.N.T.

## Footnote

WATER in bulk is so terrifying that folklore peoples it naturally with strange or attractive monsters, kelpies, drakens, nixes, mermaids, sea-serpents, and members of the Bath Club. These last spend some time basking on dry land and often fall in love with human maidens on which their scaly terminals thrive into feet and they hobble round exquisitely polite but suffering agonies. See Hans Andersen for further details.

## Chum

NOTING how the Spring butterfly fans have been rallying excitedly round Auntie Times's Nature boy, we longed to join in with a query on behalf of our poor friend Mr. Robert Benchley, of New York and Hollywood. "Don't look round yet," mumbled Mr. Benchley to a sympathiser at a party some time ago, "but I think I've got butterflies in my stomach."

None of Auntie's little readers seems to suffer from this disability or the Nature Correspondent would surely have mentioned it. E.g.:

At King's Snoring the Rev. O. Wamble saw a male orange-tip on April 9 Mrs. Chowpe saw a green-veined white on the same date at Burphambury. Mr. Gofficks writes: "At Muckton Magna on April 6 I seemed to have my

(Concluded on page 270)



Arton

"But, sir, however much you admire the Russians—as Colonel of the regiment you are creating a precedent"





*Lt.-Gen. Sir Wilfred Lindsell Tree-Cutting*

Lt.-Gen. Sir Wilfred Lindsell, Q.M.G., Middle East, spent a week recently at his home in England. He and his wife (formerly Miss Marjorie Swinton) have two daughters, Priscilla, who is in the F.A.N.Y., and Jenifer, who is a V.A.D. and studying radiology. Lady Lindsell is a Welfare Officer to the A.T.S. in Southern Command. The General spent his well-earned holiday working in the garden and cutting down trees



*Priscilla and Jenifer Lindsell in the Garden*

## Happy Families

Some Busy People Seen in the Country in Their Leisure Hours



*Dennis Moss*

### *Lady de Clifford and Her Family*

Lady de Clifford, formerly Miss Dorothy Meyrick, has two sons, and the others in her family of five are the son and daughters of her sister, the late Countess of Kinnoull, who died so tragically in 1938, the same year as her husband. Lady de Clifford has adopted her nephew and nieces. Besides looking after all of them, she is Chief of Staff for Gloucestershire of the Girls' Training Corps, a member of the A.R.P. casualty service, a member of the W.V.S. and M.T.C., and a fire-watcher as well. In the picture: Lady June Hay, the Hon. William Russell, the Earl of Kinnoull, Lady de Clifford, the Hon. John Russell and Lady Venetia Hay



*Mrs. Montague F. Radclyffe and Her Daughters*

*Compton Collier*

Left: Mrs. Radclyffe, seen with her three daughters and a canine friend, is the wife of Colonel Montague Frederick Radclyffe, M.C., 4th Hussars. She is the daughter of Mr. William Worthington and the late Lady Muriel Worthington, and a granddaughter of the eighth Earl of Aylesford. The family party was photographed at Overmoigne, in Dorset



# Standing By ...

(Continued)

stomach full of pearl-bordered fritillaries." Miss Owl bath reports similarly at Faddington on the same day. On April 17 Dr. Deedles noted the first blue hairstreak, etc., etc.

This would inevitably start a correspondence, beginning:

Sir,—It is hardly possible that the butterflies in Mr. Gofficks's stomach were pearl-bordered fritillaries. This species is rarely found north of the Home Counties at such an early date. My late aunt's stomach in May 1889 seemed full of red admirals, but (etc., etc., etc.)

and ending

Sir,—Your entomological correspondents' abdominal experiences will remind admirers of Disraeli that during the Committee Stage of the Streets (Widening) Bill of 1867 he suddenly exclaimed: "Why does a chicken cross the road?" Amid a storm of Conservative cheering Sir Jas. Grumble retorted: "An army marches on its stomach!" The riposte was greatly enjoyed by Mr. Gladstone, who (etc., etc., etc.).

Meanwhile that rank prudery common to *Times* readers would leave our main query still unanswered, namely, "What kind of stomachs do butterflies fly round in for preference?" The answer might not reassure Mr. Benchley anyway, and might even turn out to be a nasty crack at his whole interior.

## Tosspots

THAT forthcoming American National Committee on Alcoholism might do worse than study the drunk-map of Europe sketched by the Spanish critic and philosopher Angel Ganivet, one of the few modern highbrows with a sense of humour.

Ganivet's theory is that nationalism strictly controls the technique of Europe's serious tosspots. Thus the Scandinavian drunk is methodical, intensive, dull, and practical. The English drunk is heavily subjective and drinks with moral purpose till he falls flat, conformably to Newton's law. In Germany he goes pedagogic and metaphysical. In France he goes lyrically patriotic, in Spain and Italy sensitive and bellicose. All this refers of course to the steady old soaks, not amateurs and triflers, and Ganivet does not extend his theory to embrace the Celt, who goes melodic-quarrelsome (Wales) and fantastic-quarrelsome (Ireland and Brittany).

In the New World, from our observation, the serious soak goes moodily haywire, often-macabre—compare Poe, dashing down those fine horror-stories after a snootful of gin. The Red Indian when one-over-the-eight requires a treatise to himself, or maybe a poem. Hiawatha's saga would have developed very differently if he had got mixed up with Minnehah-guardiente, Laughing Fire-Water, the Belle of the Rio Grande.

## Sog

A NAVAL surgeon tells us the Navy's health is excellent and that the common cold which devastated the senior Service about five years ago (vide Official Report) has since been kept at bay. That report so moved us that we wrote a little *sympathique* song about it, after Newbolt, which you may care to hear us sing to Stanford's wellknown tune:

Drake he's id his habbock ad a  
thousad biles away  
(Capted, art tha sleepig there  
below?)

Slug atweed the roudshot id  
Dobre Dios Bay  
Ad listdig to the doise frob  
Plybouth Hoe;

Adbirals are barkig, ad seabed's  
doses rud,  
Ad eved the Barides they hogk  
ad wheeze;

Ad Drake cad't bake his bide up  
if they're doig it for fud,  
Or if it's just the Freedob of  
the Sdeeze.

The odd thing is the original version, generally sung fiercely by adenoidal tenors in boiled shirts, sounds much the same.

## Bill

A CITIZEN has been shouting the odds about a West End restaurant which charged him £1/7/0 for dinner because a wellknown jazz-pianist performed during the evening, and some low scribbler has suggested that at that price those present should have been allowed to eat the jazz-pianist as well, if they could stick that rancid, oily flavour.

If such a dinner-charge shows a nickel-plated nerve, as the citizen implied, what of the celebrated landlord of the Red Lion at Canterbury, king-pin and hero of the world's hotel industry, who in 1762 charged



"Don't keep me in suspense, Miss Potter.  
Is—there—someone else?"

the Duc de Nivernais, French Ambassador, £44 odd for a modest supper (oysters, whiting, eggs, mutton, fowls, claret) and one night's lodging for twelve persons? His Excellency raised his eyebrows and paid, *en grand seigneur*; but the Red Lion's bill got into the newspapers, the Beau Monde boycotted him henceforth, and in six months he was ruined, they say. Copies of this historic bill in gold frames may, for all we know, hang in every West End hotel-manager's private room, as an example of what a genius in the racket can do. (Note incidentally that that £44 represents at least £200 in modern money, and that the loveliest flight of fancy on the bill is perhaps three guineas for wax candles and charcoal).

## Ham

UNLIKE his brother-exhibitionist the late Kaiser, whose famous telegram to President Kruger after the Jameson Raid nearly brought on World War I twenty years before its time, Hitler doesn't seem to be backing the South African Dutch Republican boys, who are now making increasing anti-British bobbery. Or at any rate, not obviously.

The Kaiser's telegram: "I congratulate you on having repulsed the aggressor without calling on the aid of foreign Powers" was only the overture. He actually planned to send an expeditionary force to Kruger's aid in 1895 and to annex the Transvaal, but his sweating Ministers managed to scotch this bit of high spirits. A far more attractive character, one feels, than the vegetarian mysticocard and carpet-eater we have to cope with now. Wilhelm II was a brilliant talker and appealed greatly, says a charming French historian, M. Bonnefon, to actors and American millionaires, being a *cabotin* himself. A *cabotin* is what West End actors, speaking of their brethren in Art, call a ham.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"Dammit, woman, you've encircled me!"





*Howard Coster, F.R.S.A.*

## A Great Labour Leader: Mr. Herbert Morrison, P.C., M.P.

Home Secretary and Minister of Home Security since 1940, Mr. Herbert Morrison became a member of the War Cabinet last November. Born in London fifty-five years ago, son of Mr. Henry Morrison, a member of the Metropolitan Police Force, he started work as errand boy, shop assistant and telephone operator, later becoming a newspaper circulation manager. For twenty-five years secretary of the London Labour Party, he became Mayor of Hackney at the age of thirty-two. He was Chairman of the British Labour Party from 1928 to 1929, Minister of Transport in the Labour Government for the next two years, Minister of Supply from May to October, 1940, until taking up his present appointments. It has been said of Mr. Morrison that "he is Labour's most articulate, courageous and constructive leader," and that "he calls for a new outlook, for greater confidence in the future and a more assured approach to it"





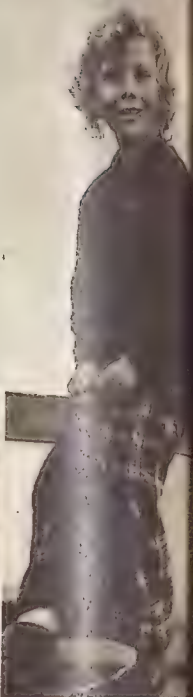
*The Castle, Lavendon*



*Lady Mary Dunn, Mrs. Higgins and Miss Monica Tattersall*



*Serena Has a Ride Home*



*Nell Has a Ride*



*Lady Mary Takes a Lesson in Welding*

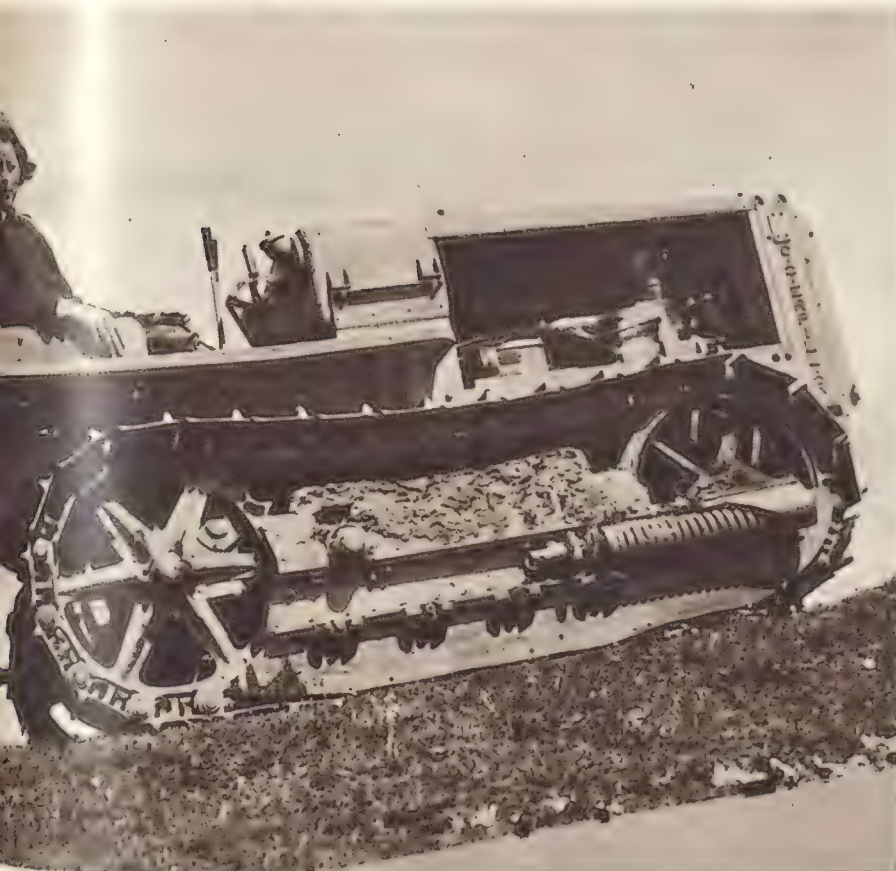
Farming for Lady Mary Dunn is no half-hearted affair. With her sister-in-law, Mrs. Peter Higgins, and her niece, Monica Tattersall, to help her, she runs the farm of 300 acres at her home, The Castle, at Lavendon, Bucks. Her two little girls, Serena and Nell, go to school near by, but as soon as they get back they change into their working clothes and help their mother with whatever is going on. Lady Mary Dunn, a daughter of the 5th Earl of Rosslyn, married Mr. Philip Gordon Dunn, only son of Sir James Dunn, Bt., in 1933. Her husband is serving in the Army abroad. In 1940 Lady Mary and her friend, Mrs. Jack Donaldson, went daily to the Institute of Agriculture at Moulton, and their experiences there are told by Mrs. Donaldson in her book, *Approach to Farming*

*Photographs by Swaeb*





*Nell, Serena and Their Mother Visit the Cows*



*Lady Mary Dunn is an Expert Tractor Driver*



*Monica Tattersall in Her Working Clothes*





S/Ldr. R. P. Beamont

Led by a Battle of Britain pilot, S/Ldr. Roland P. Beamont, twenty-two-year-old holder of the D.S.O. and double D.F.C., the 609 Squadron is the first Fighter Command Squadron to knock out 100 locomotives in occupied territory. S/Ldr. Beamont accounted for the first victim last November when they started their locomotive blitz, and the hundredth fell to F/Lt. J. C. Wells a short time ago. Wells comes from Norfolk, and has served fifteen years in the R.A.F. The Typhoon, with a speed of over 400 m.p.h., and fitted with four 20-mm. Hispano guns (two in each wing), has proved one of the most formidable aircraft in use by Fighter Command



F/O. G. Evans



F/Lt. J. A. Atkinson

### Portraits by Cuthbert Orde



F/Lt. J. C. Wells



F/O. R. A. F. Allemand, D.F.C.



F/O. P. E. Raw



# Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

## "Elizabeth's" Son's Father

How often now, oppressed by the necessity of assisting at three dining-room meals daily, two of which are conducted by the functionaries held indispensable to a proper maintenance of the family dignity, and all of which are pervaded by joints of meat, how often do I think of my salad days, forty in number, and of the blessedness of being alone as I was then alone. . . . Then He appeared suddenly who has the right to appear when and how he will, and rebuked me for never having written, and when I told him that I had been literally too happy to think of writing, he seemed to take it as a reflection on himself that I could be happy alone. . . . I tried to appease him by offering him the whole of my salad and toast supper, but nothing appeased that Man of Wrath."

"Elizabeth" never learned that it is the business of the dutiful German Frau to sit by and watch her lord eat, and even when his mouth is full to bursting, to offer him little bits and pieces off her own plate which may seem to be a bit tastier than those which he still may have left on his own! The Graf von Arnim was only one of many who discovered what a hideous mistake a mixed marriage can be.

## "Der Herrenvolk"

ANYONE who has ever had a meal of any sort in Berlin's smartest caravansera could have told Elizabeth that she ought to have had a thick beef steak, or a super Wiener-Schnitzel, ready for the "Man of Wrath" amongst the lilacs in her German garden. To offer him salad and toast was absolutely asking for trouble! You could, at the time I was there at the Adlon during the Consulship of Stresemann, see the humble Frauen feeding their beasts in exactly the way I have indicated, and the feeders, be it marked, were drawn from that exclusive Junker-officer class which to-day is lumped together under the title of Herrenvolk: napkins tastefully tucked under their chins to mitigate damage to uniform, eating weapons at the carry! The only thanks the poor Frau got for her polite attentions was a grunt, for the Hochwohlgeboren Herr's mouth

was invariably too full for speech, or maybe a gesture of approval with the fork when not urgently required as a toothpick. Poor Elizabeth!

## Sport of Our Grandfathers

THE Fine Art Society has done everyone, who may never have seen the Fox Hunt as it seemed to Alken, Herring and Co., a good turn by collecting some of their curios at their gallery in New Bond Street. I expect it may have struck many another "iconoclast" how unconsciously funny these artists were, and how singularly lacking they were in the comprehending eye and a knowledge of equine



Malta Conversation

Air Chief-Marshal Sir Arthur Tedder, A.O.C.-in-C., Mediterranean, while in Malta talked to W/Cdr. Peter Wykeham-Barnes, who was recently awarded the D.S.O., already holding the D.F.C. and Bar



Pool, Dublin

## At Phoenix Park Races

Going to the Paddock together were Mr. Hubert M. Hartigan, the well-known trainer, and Mrs. Nesbit Waddington. Her husband, now in the R.A.F.V.R., was formerly manager of the Aga Khan's stud in Eire

anatomy. I am convinced that the only true thing about these pictorial records is that "hailing a cab," that flailing a horse going into a big fence (surely the most certain recipe for unbalancing him) and the general incompetence of the jockeys. And then they wondered why they were so often the stretched for dead. Alken is supposed to have ridden, and even gone out hunting, and it is therefore all the more incomprehensible that he never discovered that a horse when galloping is not spread out fore and aft like a pair of compasses. The two forelegs of a horse when galloping do not move in unison; neither do the hind ones, yet every one of these aforetime hunting artists obviously thought that they did. Alken could not draw a hock, and all his horses are badly tied under the knee. He did not know his bones. I have before me a book of Alken's pictures, supposed to have been collected round and about Melton. In one of them there are four of these artists who believe in letting go with one hand: three of them are down, as such inferior performers fully deserved to be; the fourth is sitting down and driving a horse, already all abroad and quite unbalanced, at a high, hogbacked stile, at least

(Concluded on page 276)



Socialist M.P.s Visit Harrow

A party of Socialist M.P.s, seeking first-hand knowledge of British public schools, visited Harrow recently. Mr. J. D. Mack, Mr. Norman Bower, Mr. H. Thorneycroft Clayton, Mr. G. Muff and Mr. W. H. Oldfield are here seen inspecting the school roll with Mr. R. W. Moore, Headmaster of Harrow.



Members of a Famous Desert Squadron

These young airmen were photographed while visiting the front line during the final stages of the North African campaign. They are P/O. Usher, D.F.C., of London, Lt. Wells, of Durban, P/O. Henley, of Sydney, and S/Ldr. Wade, D.F.C. and two Bars, from Tocan, U.S.A.



## Pictures in the Fire

(Continued)

six feet of it! "The Jockey" has his right arm raised full length and seemingly is yelling. Osbaldeston is reported to have said of two of Alken's models:—"Two greater tailors never exhibited in a steeplechase." Dick Christian agreed with The Squire about Captain Ross and Mr. Douglas, the two washballers concerned. Another thing I am certain is that in the times when the country was not as strongly enclosed as it later on became, there were no such fences as Alken and his friends tried to persuade us that their heroes rode over. For "artistic" purposes, apparently, they (or the artists for them) always picked the most impossible places. Incidentally, there are no razor-topped or other Irish banks in the Quorn country. However, the Press photographer of to-day is quite often an equally bad sinner. The drop at Becher's is very slight, but if you have your camera on the ground-level it can be made to look like anything.

### Lady Sybil and Nasrullah

THE sympathy of the whole racing world, I feel sure, will be extended to Mr. M. H. Benson, the owner of the best two-year-old of either sex of 1942. That something must have been seriously wrong with that beautiful filly, Lady Sybil, her running in the recent Chatteris Stakes at Newmarket only too plainly suggested, but as nothing was said at the time of any bodily ailment, and as subsequent to that race she had faded away in a private gallop before she had gone six furlongs, the conclusion was forced upon us that it was just another of those unfortunate cases in which the promise of two-year-old days had gone up in smoke. Expert veterinary opinion now tells us that it was something very different which caused her total eclipse, and the announcement that hæmorrhage disclosed itself shows pretty plainly what is the matter. Let us hope that this means no more than that she is of no further use for racing purposes. The pen, of course, had to be put through her name for her classic engagements. It is a bit futile under the circumstances, but I fully believe that if this misfortune had not supervened, she would have remained mistress of the whole fleet of them this year, just as she did last year. Bred as she is by Nearco by Pharos (who, incidentally, was a very good 'oss), foaled in the land of the Wop, out of sister Sarah by Abbot's Trace, Lady Sybil's value at the stud is very obvious, and I hope most sincerely that this present trouble does not mean that her usefulness as a future matron has also gone by the board. Her owner is best known to the world as "Duggie," the man who "never



### Field-Marshal Messe Takes Up Residence in Britain

Field-Marshal Giovanni Messe, the Italian Commander-in-Chief, who was captured in North Africa not long ago, is seen arriving at the prisoners-of-war camp which will be his home for the duration. With him is the Officer of the Escort, Colonel Richardson, and the Commandant of the Camp

owes," but that fickle wench Fortuna now owes him a very great deal. Until 1931 Mr. Benson was head of the famous bookmaking firm of Douglas Stuart. He is one of those who have always loved racing for racing's sake, and he is likewise a keen student of bloodstock breeding. As to Nasrullah, his ignominious defeat in the Guineas did not surprise one man. He must, like Tipstaff, have a heart about the size of a pea. Likewise he must be full of Italian courage. The winner, Kingsway, formerly called the Yenna colt, must have put up a better gallop in the Trial Stakes at Salisbury on May 1st than many people suspected at the time.

### The Bader Touch

THE prisoners-of-war group from Oflag IVC reproduced on this page comes to us via Henry Longhurst, our golf correspondent of pre-war days, now an A.-A. gunner subaltern, who has been in constant touch with W/Cdr. Bader since he fell into enemy hands. Oflag IVC, described by Bader as "the local Borstal," is a castle on a hill near Leipzig, and is reserved chiefly for prisoners who, through persistent efforts to escape, are regarded as "bad boys." Bader himself is believed to have made four attempts, despite his disability. Recording that his legs were now in good shape again, he wrote in a previous letter: "They very nearly got me to the 18th green last August. You'll laugh

when you hear the full story!" Prisoners of all nationalities are sent to Oflag IVC. Bader states that he is becoming something of a linguist. "I spend my time," he writes, "talking français with the French, Polish with the Poles, Dutch with the Dutch, and bilge with the Belgians..."

At first his legs gave him trouble. When the tail of his Spitfire was knocked off in collision with a Messerschmitt in September 1941, he found himself spinning to earth with his legs jammed, and could only bale out by leaving his right one behind! It was found by the Germans a few days later and repaired. Meanwhile, his friends dropped him another by parachute. After further trouble, he now says, in a letter to his wife: "The leg crisis has passed. I went down to the village with my right leg to a little old man who is an absolute ace with his hands, and he has riveted a plate over that crack in the knee. You might tell Shaw [who made his legs] that I completely dismantled the knee, the brake and the free-wheel, and greased and reassembled the lot. Tell him I think it is a very well-made job and the free-wheel is most ingenious. . . . but I do want another right leg, sweetheart."

Many prisoners, in letters home, have paid tribute to Bader's cheerful influence. He had a tremendous reception when he arrived at Oflag IVC, and one fellow-prisoner, after having tea with him, recorded that it had been "as good as a cocktail-party."



### Bader and His Fellow Prisoners-of-War in Germany

W/Cdr. Douglas Bader, D.S.O., D.F.C., the legless R.A.F. pilot, has sent home this picture of the English company in the mixed prisoners-of-war camp, Oflag IVC. He is the centre figure, sitting, with pipe. On his left is Colonel Dayrell Stayner, on his right Geoffrey Stephenson. Readers will doubtless recognise many other officers in the group. (See the paragraph on this page)



# On Active Service



D. R. Stuart

## Staff Officers of an Operational Training Unit of the R.A.F.

Front row: S/O. W. Faulkner, Lt.-Col. D. W. Hunter Blair, G/Capt. C. Walter, O.B.E., S/Ldr. R. W. Marson, S/O. E. C. Robertson and the "Gremlin." Second row: S/Ldr. Rev. J. M. Underwood, P/O. A. Lord, F/O. P. C. Bennett, F/Lt. C. M. Gates, F/O. P. W. L. Edgecombe, S/Ldr. R. S. Rae. Back row: F/O. J. P. Byrne, F/O. R. T. E. Wood, F/O. H. Patinson, F/Lt. J. C. Gillett, F/Lt. A. C. Hildüch, F/O. R. Skipper

Right-front row: 3rd/O. Dyke, W.R.N.S., Lt. Hollis, R.N., Lt. Cooper, R.N.V.R., Lt.-Cdr. Birch, R.N.V.R., Cdr. Plumer, R.N., Lt. Defries, R.N., Surg./Lt. Goodman, R.N.V.R., Lt. Brown, R.N.R. Back row: Lt. Harvey, R.N.R., Sub-Lt. Eames, R.N.V.R., Mr. B. D. Thomas, Bos'n R.N., Sub-Lt. Barrow, R.N.V.R., Sub-Lt. Ramsden, R.N.V.R., Sub-Lt. Halliday, R.N.V.R., Lt. Melly, R.N.V.R., Lt. Osborne, R.N.V.R., Lt. Clarke, R.N.V.R.



D. R. Stuart

## W.A.A.F. Staff Officers of a Group Headquarters

Front row: S/O. M. N. Causton, Flt./O. S. M. McCall, Wing/O. L. M. Turner, S/O. J. E. M. Edwards, S/O. D. M. C. Robins. Back row: S/O. J. M. Winks, A/S/O. D. M. Scarborough, S/O. M. K. Cameron



## Staff Officers—H.M.S. "Dundonald I"



## The Officers of a Battalion of the Lincolnshire Regiment

Front row: T/Capt. M. F. Staniland, T/Capt. D. L. H. Smith, T/Major K. G. Barrell, T/Major E. A. Hefford, the Lieut.-Colonel, T/Major F. C. L. Bell, T/Capt. D. A. O'Connor, T/Capt. C. M. M. Mould, Lt.-Q-M. J. E. Arnold. Second row: 2nd Lt. A. H. Bell, Capt. F. J. Taylor, Lt. J. W. Turnbull, 2nd Lt. D. B. Dawson, Lt. C. M. Cockerill, Lt. R. H. Rutter, Lt. G. C. George, Lt. G. W. G. Walker, Lt. P. Whitton, T/Capt. R. P. Thorman, T/Capt. C. H. M. Kershaw, T/Capt. M. C. C. Higgins. Third row: 2nd Lt. R. P. Roach, M.M., Lt. J. A. P. Waugh, 2nd Lt. R. Brydon, Lt. R. D'O. Alpin, Lt. A. S. Baggley, Lt. T. H. Wildy, 2nd Lt. G. H. White, T/Capt. G. N. M. Darwall, Lt. L. C. Darbyshire, 2nd Lt. J. K. Clark, Lt. J. R. T. Priestman, 2nd Lt. R. Wyld. Back row: 2nd Lt. T. C. Charity, Lt. A. de Broe Ferguson, Capt. A. Farquhar, R.A.M.C., A/Capt. J. E. Fletcher, Rev. H. P. Laurence, R.A., Ch.D.



# With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

## What About Italy?

IN view of the number of books about the belligerents—whether allies or enemies—that have come from the publishers since this war began, there have been remarkably few about Italy. Why, I wonder? Is the role she has played too ignoble to contemplate? Is Italy, as a country, one of those minor characters on which one is not willing to waste interest or time? Or are there many of us—and many enough to count—who would rather, at this juncture, forget the country in which we spent only too happy days? There could be a certain pain about memories: Italy has meant a great deal to us. We have done more than "sight-see," visit churches and galleries—we have pottered across sunny, dazzling squares, enjoyed the blue lakes, basked through winters along the Mediterranean coast, drunk wine on shaded terraces, looked up at superb buildings cut out against a brilliant sky. . . . Yes, Italy addressed herself to our hearts. But the *Italians*—what did we know about them? After all, it is people who make a country.

It is the country in this sense—as a unit, as a collection of people—that is the subject of Richard G. Massock's *Italy from Within* (Macmillan; 15s.). The appearance of this book could not be better timed. Mr. Massock is yet another of those American newspaper-men to whom we already owe many "inside" books about Germany. He was, in fact, the head of the Rome office of the Associated Press. From this vantage-point he watched with increasing gloom (for though he detested Fascism, he liked the Italians) the enslavement of the nation by Fascist power, and the headlong policy of the Duce. The only thing I have against his book is that it is more about Fascism than it is about Italy—and that the two are separable, one cannot doubt; nor does he. I think that the unpleasant story of Fascism's growth, as told by Mr. Massock, would have been still more effective, and a degree more easy to understand, had it been given a background of modern Italian life, of the institutions, interests, temperament and general habit of living of Italians—not only in their capital city, but out in the country and in provincial towns. You may say that this would be a large order; it is risky to generalise too much; also, northern Italians are very unlike those of the south. None the less, I feel that such a picture was wanted, however sketchily it had been done. As it was, I found myself supplementing my reading of *Italy from Within* from my own memories and random observations. The reader who has not been in Italy could not even do that.

## Personalities

BUT if Mr. Massock's book, from one point of view, suffers a little from his having been confined to Roman newspaper-offices, embassies, clubs and bars, it gains in other directions. It is pointed,

pithy and energetic, and is packed from chapter to chapter with information that is of primary value now. Mr. Massock's chosen Italian friends were, naturally, of the advanced, intelligent type, who were not only not hoodwinked, but were prepared to discuss (so far as one dared) what was going on. On from the murder of Matteotti, the march on Rome, through the appliance of pressure to home affairs, the twistings and turnings in foreign policy, the inflation of the Imperial dream, the increasing subjugation of the King, the tensivity of the relationship with the Vatican, the growth of the god-obsession in Mussolini—the history of Fascism in Italy is relentlessly set out. The Corfu incident, the support given to France, the Abyssinian campaign, the seizure of Albania, and, most of all, the tightening of the fatal entanglement with Hitler and his designs—of all these we are given the inside story, by one who was, all the time, on the spot, in Rome. Mussolini's life-story, from birth, is added. There is an excellent word-portrait of Count Ciano, and of his wife, the vivacious Edda, née Mussolini. And the Duce's principal yes-men have been touched in.

All this is leavened, from time to time, by agreeable gossip. We see Ciano's relaxations—sunbathing, golf and blondes. We are even allowed to watch the Duce (as Mr. Massock and a band of privileged others watched him) at play as well as at work. Entering the grounds of the Villa Torlonia:—

We caught a glimpse of Mussolini moving towards the tennis-court on a bicycle. He was dressed in cream-coloured shorts, white socks, white tennis shoes, a white shirt and a cream-coloured linen cap



Yvonne Gregory

Miss Jean Lorimer, Assistant Editor of "The Tatler," whose book, "Pilgrim Children," has just been published by Frederick Muller, Ltd., is the wife of Lt. Gathorne Ward Gough, R.N.V.R. "Pilgrim Children," with a foreword by Sir Geoffrey Shakespeare, Bt., M.P., can be regarded as the official record of the Children's Overseas Reception Board Scheme; which sent nearly 4,000 children overseas for the duration of the war. Miss Lorimer is a daughter of the late Major S. Lorimer, of Cape Town and Kimberley, one of the first J.P.s of the Orange Free State, and of Mrs. Anne Lorimer, of St. John's Wood

with a long visor. Seeing his guests coming across the yard, he lifted his right hand from the handle-bar and gave the Fascist salute. . . .

Mussolini hated to lose at tennis, at which, one could soon observe, he was not so hot. The score was, accordingly, cooked—as one did not fail to observe. After tennis:—

The Dictator donned the double-breasted, tightly-fitting coat of a greyish-brown suit, saluted with upraised palm, and walked straight through our group with his famous chin thrust upward and a contented smile. His tennis partner held the Duce's bicycle while he mounted it and pedalled off, his powerful legs, with the visible scars of old wounds, pumping slowly. Behind him he left a medium-weight Italian racket with the title "Duce" marked in gilt letters on the handle.

As to Italy's (which is to say, the Italian people's) gloomy dislike of entering this war, Mr. Massock makes no bones. Their subsequent losses oppressed, their defeats humiliated them. Even when Mr. Massock's book went to press (and events have been moving rapidly since then) they had ceased to have any hopes about victory—which would, they saw, mean no more than victory for the detested Germans—and desired, at any price, that the war should end. . . . What, then, of the future of Italy? With regard to this, Mr. Massock raises several interesting points. He believes Mussolini would not have stood so long had there been a man of

(Concluded on page 280)

## CARAVAN CAUSERIE

I OFTEN wonder why "psychic" people always seem to

assume that they are among the unapproachable. As if they were in direct telephonic communication with some God who is all-knowing, and, as such, had to enshrine themselves in a dramatic mystery; which, however, may only be a darkened room festooned in butter-muslin. I once knew a young clergyman who was glad to go anywhere for a free lunch, until somebody discovered that he possessed a "healing touch," when it immediately became an honour even to nibble a biscuit in his presence.

Recently, I was talking to a military Padre who, having led a more or less sheltered life, now considers that in his present capacity he is entitled to solve all human problems. He oozes solutions until one dare hardly whisper an inner-difficulty without finding oneself led willy-nilly from darkness into light. Follows a hearty handshake, and he passes on to pounce upon the next "revelation." One even hesitates to suggest from one's own experience that human problems demanding solution always come from the same type of person—the person who loves to talk about his inner-self and its perplexities—or that nearly all these problems are comprised by three subjects, Drink, Sex and Finance.

Anything more soul-shattering people keep to themselves. Which, perhaps, is as well because only time and experience can ever answer them. To believe that

By Richard King

you know all is generally to know so little that you really know nothing whatsoever! It is much easier to keep your "absolution" for Drink, Sex and Finance. These, separately or all together, are Everyman's problem. We cannot escape them, but always do we like to hear somebody suggest how to dodge their consequences. Contenance in each or all carries us little further on our way, because, most of us being human, are never more continent than after the event. And that is when we most long to talk about our sin.

Alas! the worst of sin is that it never looks like sin until either it has been committed and discovered to be disappointing, or else found out. It arrives decked out in a hundred excuses and takes leave of us on a most unconvincing apology which only a fellow-sinner knows to be sincere. If you want the best advice when you are tempted, go out and look for those who have fallen into the same trap and find out what they think about it. Which simplifies the category of human problems considerably, since you simply cannot arrive at any mature age without having met the "tricky" brotherhood of Drink, Sex and Finance and been mixed up in it. The answers lie before your eyes at every turn of the road. And if, in the arrogance of inexperience, you think you, yourself, can get away with it, consider, for your own peace of mind, those who thought likewise—but couldn't!



# Getting Married

## The "Tatler and Bystander's" Review of Weddings



**Watt — Donaldson**

The Rev. W. M. Watt, son of the late Rev. Andrew and Mrs. Watt, of Glasgow, married Jean Donaldson, daughter of the late Professor R. Donaldson, and of Mrs. Donaldson, of Edinburgh, Scotland, at St. Luke's Church, London, S.W.10



**Rowan — Bristow**

Surg.-Lt. M. Rowan, R.N.V.R., elder son of Dr. and Mrs. H. Rowan, of 39, Princes Court, S.W., married Sidney Bristow, younger daughter of Brig. and Mrs. Rowley Bristow, of Darenth, West Byfleet, at the King's Chapel of the Savoy



**Burton — Crisp**

The Rev. J. H. S. Burton, R.A.F.V.R., only son of the late Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Burton, of Bookham, Surrey, married Susan Crisp, only daughter of Sir John and Lady Crisp, of 17, York House, W.1, at St. Peter's, Vere Street



**Birtwistle — Jonas**

Henry Birtwistle, 2nd Gurkha Rifles, son of Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Birtwistle, of Whalley, Lancs., married Marjorie Angela Jonas, daughter of Col. and Mrs. R. M. Jonas, of New Delhi and Barton House, Sutton, Hull, Yorks., at Christchurch, Simla, India



**Tracy — Hann**

Major C. F. Tracy, R.E., younger son of Cdr. and Mrs. Tracy, of Canford Cliffs, Dorset, married Geraldine Hann, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. P. Hann, of Aberdare, South Wales, at St. George's, Hanover Square



**Benson — Waugh**

F/Lt. J. G. Benson, D.F.C., R.A.F.V.R., younger son of Mr. A. B. Benson, of Chipstead, married Jean Muriel Waugh, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. Waugh, of The Firs, Kenley, Surrey, at All Saints' Church, Kenley



**Roe — Sale**

Major T. C. W. Roe, The Royal Sussex Regiment, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. V. Roe, of 39, Amesbury Crescent, Hove, married Ann Sale, W.A.A.F., serving in Cairo, of Hampnett, Gloucestershire, in Cairo Cathedral



**Featherston-Dilke — Stanley-Williams**

Lt. C. B. Featherston-Dilke, R.N., son of Mr. and Mrs. B. A. Featherston-Dilke, of Maxstoke Castle, Warwickshire, married Pauline Stanley-Williams, daughter of the late Major H. Stanley-Williams, D.S.O., and Mrs. Stanley-Williams, of 69, Eaton Terrace Mews, S.W.1, at the King's Chapel of the Savoy



**Metcalfe — Preston**

William Graham Metcalfe, A.T.A., son of the late Robert Metcalfe and Mrs. Metcalfe, of Leeds, married Ursula Mary Preston, A.T.A., daughter of Mr. J. Rudge Preston, of Harley Street, W., and the late Mrs. Preston, at St. Faith's Chapel, Westminster Abbey, on May 12



## ON AND OFF DUTY

(Continued from page 265)

enthusiasts going for Edmundo Ros. ("Damn the feller!" exclaimed a grey-haired waltzing Colonel when the Cuban heat was turned on to drive him from the floor.)

Major "Fruity" Metcalfe was among the crowd; so were Lady Evelyn Patrick, Lady Slade, Capt. Peter Clifton, and Mr. and Mrs. Robert Heber-Percy. Daytime eaters-out included Lady Phyllis Allen, the brothers Reggie and Alan Harris—the former was for a time in Iceland, where his wife made as great a success of being a hostess as she formerly did in London—Miss Greta Gynt, with her hair swooping splendidly up in front; Mrs. David Dear, smart and neat as always; and Miss Shelagh Fraser, looking exceedingly pretty.

Seen at the May Fair were Mr. Charles Cochran and his wife, both working hard for the "Seventy Years of Song" show which C.B.C. is organising in aid of the Toc H. War Fund at the Albert Hall. The bill bristles with stars, including the favourite of the last war, "Vi" Lorraine, and, by way of contrast, a newcomer to the stage—one of Sir Thomas Beecham's sons, who has inherited his father's musical talent, and is a very fine cornet-player. Seats have been selling rapidly, and the Embassies have taken boxes, as well as many famous people, so it ought to be a brilliant gathering in aid of a good cause.

### Charity Concerts

A LONDON charitable event takes place at the Phoenix Theatre, on June 6th, at 6.15 p.m. It is the all-star concert, organised by the Polish Welfare Section of the Polish Army, in aid of Polish Welfare and the Actors' and Variety Artists' Benevolent Funds. The committee includes Mr. C. B. Cochran, Mr. Richard Tauber (who will sing) and his wife, Diana Napier, and amongst the programme sellers will be Lady Warwick, Mrs. Charles Sweeny, Lady Queensberry, Lady Brougham and Vaux, Lady Orr Lewis and Lady Bridget Poulett.

Down south, in the Home Counties, Miss Sarah Churchill, daughter of the Prime Minister, organised a Sunday Concert for an American bomber station. Jack and Daphne Barker were the stars, and just before the end a squadron of Flying Fortresses got back from a raid in time for the crews to watch the show. Just before it finished, one of the bomber captains produced a few remaining rounds of ammunition from one of the Fortress's guns, and they were sold in aid of the American Red Cross.

Vic Oliver was in terrific form, and the concert was an immense success.

### Royal Sealyhams

PRINCE BERNHARD OF THE NETHERLANDS' constant companion now is a Sealyham, from Sir Jocelyn Lucas's famous kennels, which are much reduced since the war. A prisoner of war in Germany during the last war, in 1918 Sir Jocelyn was interned for a time in Holland, during negotiations over the exchange of British and German prisoners. While there, he sent to England for some Sealyhams, from which were bred the first litter ever to be born on Dutch soil. He presented one of the puppies to Princess Juliana, in token of appreciation from the exchanging prisoners for the hospitality received in Holland.

Mrs. Eion Merry has just bought one of the Lucas puppies; and Lady Jersey has one which, she says, rules her with a paw of iron.



### Special Appeal in Flintshire and Derbyshire

A "Special Appeal," organised by Sheikh Abdul Hamid, L.I.R.B.A., in aid of the B.R.C. and O. St. John Prisoners of War Fund, was made at a civic reception in Rhyl. Above are Dr. T. Wells, Mr. Gwilym Rowlands, M.P., Mr. P. J. Ashfield, C.B.E., Rear-Admiral R. G. Rowley Conwy, C.M.G., Sheikh Abdul Hamid, Lady Louis Mountbatten, C.B.E. (who received the cheques and purses), Councillor T. Cookson, Lady Mainwaring and Mrs. E. F. Hollomon

## WITH SILENT FRIENDS

(Continued from page 278)

his own, or of greater, size to oppose him. But, so far, Italy has not raised such a man.

### Portrait of an Ancestor

"THE DESIRE TO PLEASE." A Story of Hamilton Rowan and the United Irishmen (Constable; 15s.) is the second volume in Harold Nicolson's series "In Search of the Past"—*Helen's Tower* having been the first. Once again Mr. Nicolson has drawn on family memories, of the hearsays of his childhood, on the associations that, like invisible ghosts, haunt old houses. In Ireland, this haunting is very palpable: the past is part of the present; in one sense, the dead never seem to die. And, sometimes, the reticence about a particular person is more powerful than any story told.

It was when he was a little boy, on holiday visits to relations in Ireland, that Mr. Nicolson first became aware of a reticence on the subject of his great-great-grandfather, Archibald Hamilton Rowan, of Killyleagh Castle. In fact, it was this reticence, plus a jeer from a boy of his own age, that first drew his attention to Hamilton Rowan. He discovered, on sifting the matter out, that this late eighteenth-century Ulster land-owning gentleman had been a proscribed rebel, who, in his lifetime, had been seen as a renegade by his own class, and who, though dead since 1834, was still the cause of a certain embarrassment to his Unionist descendants. It was true that, at fifty-five, Hamilton Rowan had renounced his old wild ideas, and sued for a pardon, which was obtained, in order to be allowed to return to Ireland and possess his beloved home, Killyleagh. Onward from 1806, it might be said that he reverted to type: he lived blamelessly, was an excellent father, took care of his property, kept clear of politics and ignored (in 1812) a letter he got from one "P. B. Shelley," who hoped for support in distributing fiery pamphlets around Dublin.

If Shelley showed an Englishman's ignorant quixotism in his headlong approach to Irish affairs, so also, to an extent, did Hamilton Rowan. His father, Gawen Hamilton—an irresponsible creature of very untidy habits—and his mother—Jane, née Rowan—had fallen out not long after their son's birth. Mrs. Hamilton was what we call in Ireland "very English indeed": she detested Ireland—so much so, that she took care that her son should be born not at Killyleagh, but at his grandfather's London house. Old Mr. Rowan, who was disagreeable and rich, shared his daughter's bent against Ireland and disliked the Hamiltons. So the boy was brought up in London, snubbed, nagged at and bullied in order to weed out Irish-Hamilton traits. His reaction to this was to love Ireland passionately, see it as a smiling heaven of freedom and wish, above all, to take up a life there. Patriotism grows quickly in exiled children—even when they are less unhappy than this little boy.

### The Result of Dreams

MRS. HAMILTON'S bullying was responsible for a good deal. Her daughter, the gentle Sydney (Archibald's junior by some years), eloped at the age of sixteen with a clergyman: litigation and a good deal of scandal followed. The effects on Archibald were a good deal graver. First, having been more or less forced to change his name to Rowan in order to inherit his grandfather's English fortune, and having been forbidden, by the terms of the will, to revisit Ireland before he was twenty-five, he became a playboy, running up big debts, first at Cambridge, then all over the place, and hanging rather aimlessly about Paris, where he attracted the notice of Marie Antoinette by his performance in a wherry upon the Seine. Boating—sometimes pleasurable, sometimes not—was to play a great part in his life: it was in an open pleasure-boat that he made his escape from the Irish coast to the French, when, the United Irishmen's conspiracy having been discovered, he found himself under sentence of death. A dog, also, was present at every crisis, often at some inconvenience to himself and discomfort to the faithful animal.

The series of escapes—and they were to be many—dated from his implication in revolutionary politics in Ireland. At first, Dublin society saw the young man as nothing more dangerous than an eccentric. But the serious side of him, that had craved ideals, made him throw himself into the struggle in grim earnest. . . . As an exile, in the Paris of the Terror, he began to experience disillusion. And, still exiled, he in America saw the meaner side of a country to whose youthful hopes he had thrilled. . . . The story of this fine, generous, fundamentally innocent, if somewhat muddled, man has been told by his great-great-grandson, Mr. Harold Nicolson, with all the latter's noted wit, evocativeness and smiling irony. *The Desire to Please* is fascinating; you must not miss it.

### "Those People"

"NO DIRECTIONS," by James Hanley (Faber and Faber; 7s. 6d.), tells of a night in a London apartment-house during a furious air raid. It is not, however, the bombs or the bombers (vaguely referred to as "they" or "those people") who spin the plot: feverish tension is going on among the men and women who live on the different floors. We are given a cross-section of a number of human lives. You will not forget the crazed artist and his heroic wife, struggling to get the great canvas down to the cellar, the drunken sailor with his horror of ice, Emily Frazer, obsessed by the fact her door would not shut, the young airman whose wireless only picks up Bolivia, or the resident warden, Mr. Jones. . . . Mr. Hanley is one of our outstanding novelists—though you may flinch under his almost demonic style.



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## This devotion



Her war goes on through most of the day and night; her war with pain, disease and death. Her war has brought her into danger, hardship, and seldom-ceasing work. She is of the mettle of which heroines are made. . . . Few of us have got the qualities to make a nursing sister of the battle-field. But we *have* all got more grit and more courage than we know! This is the spirit that is drawing Victory within our grasp. This is the glory of our nation—that in the time to come men will say: "But for their heroic devotion . . . ?"



The Standard Motor Company Limited, Coventry



# The Highway of Fashion by M. E. Brooke

● Women who study the dress problem with care appreciate the fact that it is a very important one. They never spend in a haphazard manner, and buy raiment that will last for a lengthened period, and do everything in their power to achieve a well-groomed appearance. Peter Robinson, Oxford Street, advocate a dress for important occasions like the model portrayed on the right. It is carried out in black satin with long full skirt, short sleeves, and touches of white. In the future it may be remodelled, and, with the aid of "costume jewellery" and old lace, completely metamorphosed. Should a frock like this not be needed, there are for general use very pretty affairs which may be worn for various day and evening functions. Some are reinforced with boleros, others are innocent of these. The fabricating media are crêpe and many members of the silk and wool family: the colours are gay; nevertheless, there is a decided vogue for black relieved with touches of colour. No one can cavil at the excellence of the materials and cut of the Utility fashions: they make a strong appeal to fastidious women, as well as to those who need serviceable garments



● Gorrings, in the Buckingham Palace Road, has ever had an excellent reputation for all that is best, simple and becoming in the matter of dress. Women who wish to economise pleasantly must now visit the Inexpensive Dress Department, as there they will obtain "coupon savers" which really are gilt-edge investments. It is there the simple little frock above may be seen. It is carried out in a new summer fabric which has met with a warm welcome. It is a study in black-and-white; the buttons, belt and neat collar-increase its charm. It seems almost unnecessary to mention that it is available in many sizes and colour schemes. Naturally, there are other dresses, made of silk and wool fabrics, to which a bolero may be added, if desired. The majority of frocks are innocent of sleeves. Belts are an important feature. Furthermore, accessories are well represented. A practical economy is to buy a plain dress and to alter its aspect from time to time with accessories. Occasionally antique jewels serve the purpose. No one must leave here without visiting the hat department, where a feature is made of shady hats for country wear







eugène



# BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

Stories from Everywhere

THE Air Force mechanic was home on leave, and as he walked down the street he met an old friend. "Hullo!" said the friend, in surprised tones. "You're in the R.A.F. Weren't you in the cavalry before?"

"I was," replied the R.A.F. man, "but I asked to be transferred."

"Whatever for? I thought you were so keen on horses."

"So I was. But after an aeroplane throws you out, it doesn't usually walk over and bite you."

AN American staying at a certain coast resort had an engagement to play golf with a friend who did not put in a punctual appearance.

The American, who was waiting on the first tee, decided to go to the club-house and telephone to his partner, and not wishing to take his heavy kit with him, he said to a bystander:—

"Excuse me, but would you look after these clubs till I come back?"

"Sir," rejoined the bystander with ruffled dignity, "I'd have you know I'm the mayor of this town."

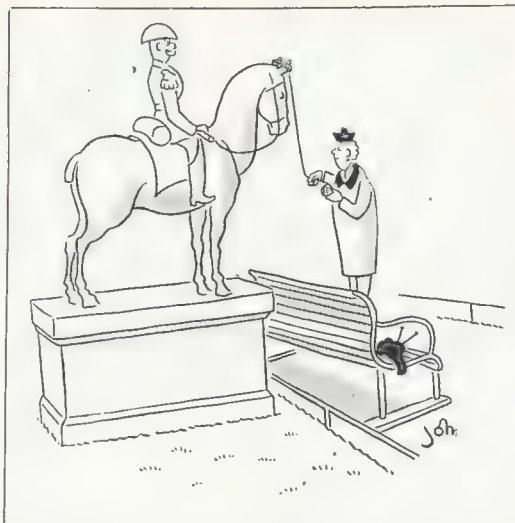
"Never mind. I'll take the risk."

ALL the wordy skill of the dealer was called in as he tried to sell a broken-winded horse to a reluctant customer.

After a trial trot round, he struck an attitude of admiration and exclaimed:—

"And hasn't he got a lovely coat?"

"Maybe," replied the customer, coldly, "but I don't like his pants."



A CASE of theft was being tried, and a wizen-faced little man, who was supposed to have seen all that had happened, was in the witness-box. After taking the oath he turned and faced the defending counsel. "You say the fence is ten feet high," said the latter. "And that you were standing on the ground—not mounted on a ladder or a box or anything?"

"That is correct," replied the witness.

"Ah," went on defending counsel, a note of triumph in his voice, "then perhaps you can explain how you, a man little more than five feet in height, could see over a fence ten feet high and watch the actions of the accused?"

The witness stared back defiantly at the counsel.

"There's a hole in that fence," he replied calmly.

THIS is a story of an ambitious coloured lad who got himself a job as a bellhop in a small Broadway hotel. The first day on duty, the desk clerk called him over.

"There's a poker game going on in Room 321," said the clerk. "Go up there and break it up."

Two hours later the coloured lad reported back to the clerk.

"Ah done broke up dat game, suh," he asserted happily.

"Well," said the clerk, "it's about time! What took you so long?"

The boy was very penitent.

"Ah'm sorry, boss," he returned. "But Ah only had a quarter to start with!"

THIS story has to do with the screwball who was visited by a friend one afternoon. The screwball immediately brought out a camera.

"You're just the man I'm looking for," he cried. "Please snap my picture."

The friend did as requested. Then he handed the camera back to the screwball.

"Swell!" enthused the nut. "Now, where can I have this picture developed in a few hours?"

The friend was puzzled.

"What's the rush?" he inquired.

The other grew impatient.

"I've just got to have it," he yodelled. "I want to shave tonight—and I have no mirror!"

THE class was going through a lesson in French history. The teacher pointed to a ten-year-old lad.

"Stand up, Jones," he said, "and tell the class the name of Napoleon's wife."

"Waterloo," replied the boy swiftly.

"No, no, Jones," scolded the teacher. "That's where Napoleon was defeated."

"Served him right," snapped the boy. "He should've remained single."

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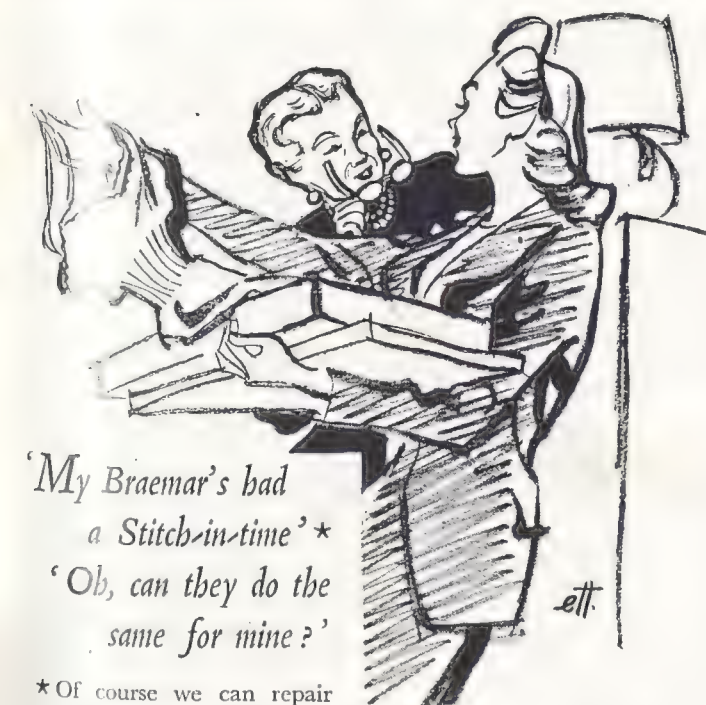
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for work or play

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# AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

## Damned Dots

I HAVE been waiting to see which British aircraft or aero-engine company would be the first to introduce statistical control of quality into its regular production scheme. The credit belongs to the Bristol Aeroplane Company, where they have got this amazingly ingenious method of stepping up production and reducing waste going well.

Descriptions of statistical control are apt to infuriate. The dots with which the control charts are peppered, and which mean so much to a repetition process, are apt to be regarded as more damned even than the decimal points which originally had that epithet applied to them.

Yet this thing is as much a part of the modern method and the modern outlook on industrial activities as series production itself. In order to be in tune with the times one must try and get a rough idea of how it works.

It consists in the application of statistical methods to the limits of accuracy to which parts are made. Instead of just making the parts as near the drawn dimensions as possible and then throwing away those that fall outside the stated limits, fresh "control" limits are set which, in effect, forecast the way the work is going.

Just as the insurance companies make generalised predictions about length of life, so statistical control makes running predictions about future defects in a part which will lead to its rejection, and those in charge of a machine shop, forewarned of a decline in quality, can remove the cause and keep the quality up to the acceptable level.

## Words and Work

MY explanation is, I fear, blundering and unduly obscure. But quality control demands a writer with a fresh kind of genius for exposition. The functioning of machinery found its Kipling; but the mathematical background to modern industry is still without its minstrel.

That the fine fabric of figures can exert such powerful

influences on mechanical work is, to some extent a mystery, and a miracle. In nothing is it seen in more remarkable form than in statistical control.

To visit a machine shop where it is in operation, to trace the linkage between the work and the figures and the dots that eventually appear on the control chart, is an education in itself.

## Dam-Lamming

SOME still hold that the successful attacks by nineteen Lancasters on the dams at Mohne, Sorpe and Eder were the supreme military victories of all time when measured as a ratio of damage done to men and machines lost. In the action of the Bismarck Sea, the ratio was amazingly high; but to flood an enormous and industrially important part of Germany for the loss of eight big machines is certainly a tremendous achievement.

What, perhaps, was not noticed so clearly was that the success was in the main due to fine technical preparation. Breaching a dam like the Mohne, which is a gigantic mass of masonry, is not simply a matter of hitting it with a bomb as some seemed to think.

A bomb has its limits in destructiveness and it just cannot make headway against concrete beyond a certain thickness. It is easy to build block-houses and the rest which are so thick that they are full protection against bombing.

At the time of writing I have not seen any detailed statement of the method used by the Royal Air Force, nor do I expect such a statement just yet. But we should remember that the feat is largely a technical one, and give thanks to the anonymous research workers who have been responsible for giving our airmen the appropriate instruments.

## Planning and People

THERE are also those who planned the operation. They waited until the right moment; they



W/Cdr. Guy P. Gibson, V.C., D.S.O. and bar, D.F.C. and bar, who personally led the recent attack on the Mohne dam, is one of the outstanding bomber pilots of the war. Born in Simla, India, twenty-five years ago, he was commissioned in the regular R.A.F. in 1937

waited until their appropriate devices were all ready; they waited until they had the right machines and the fully trained crews. Had they launched the attack a year ago with inadequate equipment, it might have failed, and it might then have given warning to the Germans.

As for the captains and crews of the aircraft, their work was supremely good. We come to expect the Royal Air Force to accept all risks and to succeed through any operation that is planned. But the cool courage with which these men went down near the surface of the enormous water walls and deposited the mines exactly in the right place, hitting the water face again and again until it finally yielded, is certainly a piece of work of which to be proud.

It is of the utmost importance that this new method of aerial attack should have been evolved just now; for it suddenly raises the power of bombing perhaps nearly twofold. Bombing before had its targets and we were beginning to know its limitations when it was attacking those targets. But this new kind of target puts the whole thing in a different light. It brings into being what is nothing less than a new method of attack. Secret weapons are overshadowed by a new mode of hitting the enemy.

## New B.O.A. Appointments

ON the day the new British Overseas Airways appointments were made I must have been asked twenty or thirty times what I thought about them. I found it necessary to behave like the accused man always represented as behaving in the police courts—that is, I "made no reply."

And even now I do not feel inclined to comment. The whole thing is the most astonishing puzzle there has ever been. Perhaps Members of Parliament will know enough about the aviation set-up to elicit some information as to the reasons for the appointments.

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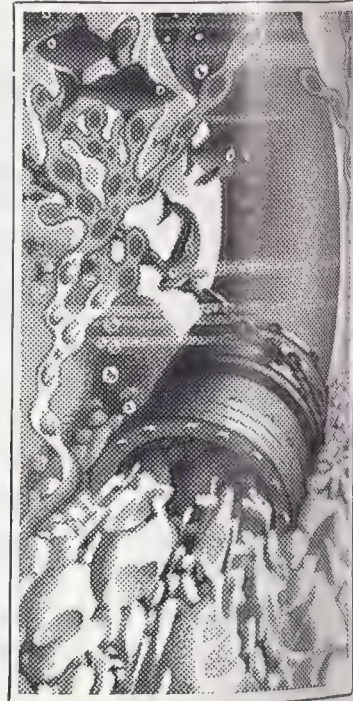
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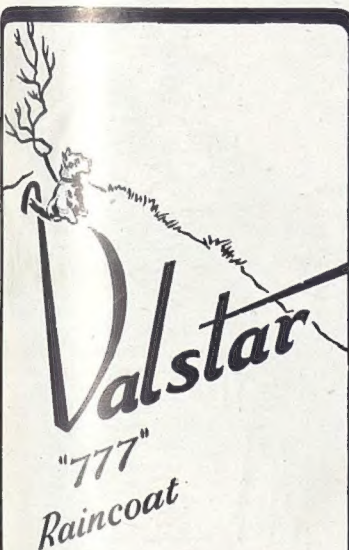
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